

Wednesday 10/26/53

Dear Harold,

Please forgive me for replying in handwriting. My typewriter is virtually retired these days.

Your letter of the 20th finds me in a state of deep consternation and anguish about the invasion of Grenada. For the last few years I have tried to distance myself from events, on the theory that the more things change the more they are the same. I seemed to have exhausted my outrage and rage in working on the assassination. But this latest obscenity has seized hold of me and for the last two days I can think of nothing else but the fascist poem invasion of Grenada — the deaths of the innocent, and the helplessness of people like ourselves to stop this country's slide into Hitlerism.

Ed Williams had been peppering me with calls and letters. He is obviously completely deranged and I was relieved when his last letter indicated that he is in a mental hospital, where I hope he is getting the treatment he so badly needs. In his frenzied and demented state he has been making terrible accusations — some of which concern me — but I am sure that these wild charges are products of his aberration.

I have been hearing mentions of the Davison book and like you wondered if she was connected with the U.S. Embassy Davison. The only printed mention I have seen is in the current Texas Monthly.

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in a chronology of books on the JFK case which
accompanies an essentially trivial if lengthy article
by Ron Rosenthal. A mischievous and essentially
ugly article. I will send you anything I see
on Davison, as you requested, but will do nothing
myself as I am almost completely inactive these
days. That is why I turned down the Nat'l
Enquirer panel — I no longer feel authentic or
even informed.

Roger is okay — not very happy with his job
and disappointed by the lack of progress of his
career. I haven't seen him for some months
but he does call me from time to time.

I am reasonably well, Harold, and am
very happy to know that you are also well.
Greg Stone told me that he had had a very
rewarding visit with you.

Affectionately yours,

Sylvia